



CITY
SOUNDS
AND
RURAL ECHOES.



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"The River like a thread of gold,
Glides smoothly on its way
Oh, ne'er was seen a brighter close
To lovely summer day."

6395 E

CITY SOUNDS

+ AND +

Rural Echoes.

+ BY +

M. STRICKLAND BLACKLOCK.

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WIT SINCERE RESPECT AND ESTEEM.



CONTENTS.



	PAGE.
COLUMBIA.....	5
THE ITALIAN GIRL.....	7
BATTLE OF CHANTILLY.....	10
ACROSS THE SEA.....	12
A MAY SONG.....	13
LOVE'S WELCOME.....	15
REASONING BY ANALOGY.....	16
ROSE ADAIR.....	20
ELIZA.....	22
SWEET THOUGHTS.....	24
TO MY WIFE.....	26
PEGGY BAWN.....	28
THE DYING CHILD.....	31
THE HUMAN FACE.....	35
A NEW YEAR'S CALL.....	37
DREAMS.....	40
ON SOCIAL REFORM.....	42
THE WAGER.....	44
THE ABSENT ONE.....	48
CLARISSA.....	50
TO ETTIE.....	54
THE WATCH DOG.....	55
THE FARMER OF MAINE.....	58
THE MAID TO WIN MY LOVE.....	60

	PAGE.
ADIEU, FAIR CITY.....	62
HUMBLE LIFE.....	64
COME, SING ME A SONG, LITTLE MAY.....	66
BLUE EYED MARY.....	68
SWEET EGLANTINE.....	69
SOFT SIGHS THE WIND.....	70
THE WIDOW AND HER SONS.....	71
LITTLE MAY.....	73
SWEET KATHLEEN.....	74
LOVE AND ENVY.....	76
BESSIE.....	78
THE SAILOR BOY.....	80
TO PHILANTHROPISTS.....	82
CHARGE OF THE LANCERS.....	84
LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MARIE LOUISE BUTLER, SISTER OF ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S MOST ESTEEMED FRIENDS.....	86
AN ADDRESS TO A SKULL.....	89
TO MARY.....	90
SONG.....	91
THE HUMANE SOCIETY.....	92
SONNET.....	94
MARGARET.....	95
THE FERN.....	96
CEMETERY HILL.....	97
ADDENDA.....	103

P R E F A C E.

“Some said, ‘John, print it ;’ others said, ‘not so :’
Some said, ‘it might do good ;’ others said ‘no.’
To prove then who advised for the best
Thus I thought fit to put it to the test.”—*Bunyan.*

N introducing this little work to the public the author is actuated by the hope that the favorable anticipations of those friends who advised its publication may be realized, in so far that it may be productive of some good, were it but to consist in an hour of innocent entertainment; though he feels it to be his duty to offer an apology for the somewhat crude condition in which he has been induced to present the same, owing to the very brief space of time which has elapsed since its inception. He trusts, however, to meet with that generous forbearance usually accorded by a discerning public to the first attempt of those who have conscientiously labored to earn its approbation.

Columbia.

FREEMEN ! with united voice
Let us sing our country's praise,
To the land of Freedom's choice
The soul-thrilling anthem raise;
Let it sound through all the land,
Echo throughout ev'ry State,
Roll along each wave-washed strand,
Empire City, Golden Gate ;
From the placid land-locked seas
To Florida's everglades,
O'er far spreading prairies
To primeval forest shades ;
To reverberating skies
Let the joyous anthem rise !

Where the eagle proudly soars
O'er the Rocky Mountain cloud,
Where Niagara deep roars,
Like the thunder, hoarse and loud ;
O'er the mountain, o'er the plain,
Where the buffalo doth roam ;

O'er the meadows rich with grain,
To the red man's distant home ;
Where, leviathan and grand,
Mighty Mississippi flows,
Making fertile all the land,
Spreading commerce as she goes :
There let Freedom's anthem rise,
Flaunt her banner to the skies.

Hark ! oh, hark ! the loud refrain,
Borne upon the ambient air,
O'er old Ocean's wide domain,
Sung by freemen everywhere ;
O'er each turret old and gray,
Dreary bastiles frowning grim,
Thrones that crumble to decay
Silent cloisters dark and dim—
See, the sun of Freedom glares ;
Tyrants count their numbered hours :
Pride and splendor past were theirs,
The glorious future ours.
Then march, Columbia ! the free,
March onward to thy destiny !

The Italian Girl.

AS from my window, one December day,
I watched the dark clouds gather o'er the bay,
Where, stretching out afar from strand to strand,
Rode stately vessels from each distant land,

At anchor straining, or close moored to dock,
The pendant ice impearling sheet and block,
Disgorging treasures gleaned from ev'ry zone,
Until the weighted wharves, o'erburdened, groan ;

And constant roars the mighty human tide,
And onward press the teams on ev'ry side,
Still grinding, crushing, churning, as they go,
Obstructing heaps of foul, polluted snow.

Such is the bustle and the constant strife
Of the great Empire City's daily life ;
It scanty time affordeth to bestow
One kindly thought or glance on human woe.

One moment turning from the frosted pane,
My ear caught up the low and feeble strain
Of some sweet, simple, sad'ning childlike song,
So faintly borne by frozen winds along.

I looked once more from out my lone retreat,
And spied, amidst the snow and drifting sleet,
A child from the bright land of golden skies,
With pale, sad face, and wistful wondrous eyes :

Such eyes as once on mighty Tasso gleamed,
As, pining in his dungeon cold, he dreamed,
And pictured forth, in visions bright and fair,
Modena's maiden, in the humid air.

Ah ! sad it was, to see that face so pale,
Those tattered garments, and that form so frail,
As vain she strove to pierce surrounding din
With feeble voice and shattered violin.

And slowly her blue hand the greasy bow
Moves with spasmodic effort to and fro.
Hard blows and hunger, cold, and constant strife
Have crushed all joy from out her infant life.

I threw a coin down to the lonely maid,
As her black eyes up to my lattice strayed
With their sad, mournful gleam and silent plea :
A waif from far off sunny Italy.

Hard hearted taskmasters, how do you dare
To still with slavery pollute the air
Of proud Columbia's free, happy shore,
Which, we have sworn, a slave shall tread no more?

Oh! was it but for this our land must weep
O'er blood-stained fields, where noble heroes sleep;
That ye revive again that cursed stain,
The torments vile of slav'ry—lash and chain?

Battle of Chantilly.

FIERCE and loud the thunder broke
O'er the field of Chantilly,
Then the dying echoes woke
To the cannon's hoarse reply.
On, by Stonewall Jackson led,
Like a torrent o'er a rock,
Leaping from its mountain bed,
Sprang the Rebels to the shock.
And no granite, mortised fast
In the mountain's rugged side,
Could more firmly brave the blast
Or repel the raging tide,
Than that weary, gallant few,
In their close and stern array,
To their stainless colors true,
On that drear September day.
Fiercer now the lightnings flash,
Louder yet the thunders peal,
Heard above the cannon's crash
And the ring of deadly steel;

Now amidst the thickest fray
Plunging fiercely, sword in hand,
To decide the bloody day,
Gallant Kearney leads his band ;
Charging with exulting yell
O'er that dark and blood-stained field ;
Then the shades of darkness fell,
And the stricken Rebels reeled—
Reeled and broke in wild dismay,
As the victors, sweeping on,
Now the starry flag display
On the field their valor 'd won.
Now, alas ! a fatal ball
From a vengeful rifle sped,
Pierced the bravest heart of all—
Laid the gallant Kearney dead !
Thus this noble hero fell
On the field of Chantilly.
Man and Nature sound his knell,
Thunders shake both earth and sky !

Across the Sea.

THE Spring time comes fraught with delight,
When blooming flowers glad the sight ;
No chill winds blow, no snows oppress,
And Nature wears her brightest dress.
Yet, sweeter than the Spring to me
My love, that comes across the sea.

Two long, long years of toil are past
Since I beheld my darling last,
And I have saved a little store
To welcome to Columbia's shore
She, far more dear than life to me,
My love, that comes across the sea.

With joy the merchant's heart may burn
To see his treasure ships return ;
The miner's eyes may sparkle bright
When golden nuggets greet his sight ;
More joyous still my heart will be
When Bessie comes across the sea.

A May Song.

THE song birds warble forth with glee,
The squirrels spring from tree to tree ;
Sweet fragrance floats upon the gale,
Joy, peace and harmony prevail.
Oh ! tell me, song birds, why so gay ?
Their dactyls answered : May, sweet May !

The bright sun, from each leaf and flower
Woos forth, to strut their little hour
In beams of his refulgent gold,
Antenniferous forms untold,
Whose blithesome movements seem to say
We too rejoice : 'Tis May, sweet May !

The timid lev'ret crouches nigh,
Where the brook goes murmuring by.
The butterfly and wild white rose
Their beauties each to each disclose,
Whilst round them flits the nimble fay ;
Rapt Nature murmurs : May, sweet May !

Then why, my heart, should'st thou feel sore,
When earth itself seems young once more?
Why pinest thou midst scenes so fair?
Ah! silent anguish broodeth there;
The hopes that fled one dismal day
Can bloom no more in May, sweet May!

Joy is to me an empty sound,
My heart lies cold beneath the ground;
Though time may bring surcease of pain,
Yet I can never smile again
Until I wake, in endless day,
To joys exceeding thine, sweet May!

Love's Welcome.

SHINE, thou sun, with splendor,
And let thy brightest ray
On yon sweet valley beam,
Whose queen returns to-day.

Zephyrs from the southland,
From golden orange grove,
Come with spices laden
And breathe upon my love.

Rivers from the mountain,
Clear founts, that sparkling gleam,
Greet with joyous murmurs
The Naiad of the stream.

Ye sweet woodland songsters
And birds of plumage gay,
Warble notes of welcome
For her who comes to-day.

Peonies and pansies,
Pure lilies of the plain
With smiles and perfume greet
Your queen, returned again.

Reasoning by Analogy.

A LEARNED professor of the healing art—
Once in a rural village played his part;
And, as his years increased, his practice grew—
At length he thought 'twas work enough for two.
To this effect having made up his mind,
He looked around the needed aid to find—
Some youth genteel, one who had a notion
How to make a pill or mix a potion.
Now, all these qualities appeared combined,
And many more besides, in Joseph Hind;
He for two years had labored, *con amore*,
Behind the counter of a druggist store,
And knew the names of all those potent drugs
Which slay the sick or rid the house of bugs—
He had, moreover, long recommendations
From several of the doctors—near relations.
Now, who to claims like these could prove resistant?
Soon Joe became a medical assistant.
And now, unto his somewhat lengthy stride,
The paths of fame and honor open wide;
He trudges with the doctor on his rounds,
To all he says attention pays profound,

And treasures up for future imitation
Each sage remark, each eloquent oration.

This prefatory. Now my tale begins :
A milkman's wife was brought to bed of twins ;
The little cherubs seemed to thrive apace,
Though with the mother this was not the case ;
Although attended by a skilful nurse,
She daily seemed to go from bad to worse.
Sometimes for suffering there's no prevention !
The lady, doubtless, had the best attention.
One morn the doctor, standing by her bed,
Asked how she was ? She slowly shook her head ;
Thus intimating, with a heavy sigh,
" I really thought, last night, that I should die !"
" Then," says the doctor, " How can you expect
Aught better, when my orders you neglect ?
Of oysters you have eaten quite a dish,
Though I forbade you ev'ry kind of fish.
Now, take this medicine as I direct it ;
Eat no more fish or I shall sure detect it ;
And for the present (though you'll think it cruel)
Your diet must consist of water gruel."
With this advice she promised to comply ;
The doctor took his hat and said, " Good-bye !"
This visit ended business for the day ;
Now homeward he and Joseph wend their way,

And, when the twain had left the house behind,
Joseph expressed the wonder of his mind
How the great doctor, by his hidden lore,
Knew what the woman ate the night before.
Replies the doctor: "Why, you stupid head!
I saw the oyster shells beneath the bed."
Now Joseph mentally put down this fact,
Thinking in future he'd know how to act,
And ascertain on what each patient fed
From things deposited beneath the bed.

It happened, near this time, the doctor had
A patient, who'd the colic very bad;
And who, being rich—it is as well to mention—
Required from the doctor great attention.
Being thus engaged, he ordered Joe, one day,
A visit to the milkman's wife to pay.
Well pleased, Joe started forth on his commission,
Quite conscious of his dignified position;
The distance short, he soon was at the place,
A look of wisdom beaming on his face;
With loud ran-tan he scares the timid nurse,
Then through the milky way he takes his course
To where the patient lay, so low and weak,
It was with much ado that she could speak.
He felt surprised, and now, without delay,
Beneath the bed he took a sly survey.

The only object which appeared to view
Joe took to be a saddle, nearly new ;
He eyed the patient with distrustful gaze,
And thus accosted her, in measured phrase :
“Madam ! ’tis no wonder you are worse—
A woman in your state to eat a horse !
To your disease you are but adding fuel,
The only diet fit for you is gruel ;
Now, all your sufferings are your own infliction—
A fact so plain admits no contradiction.”
With these remarks fast down the stairs he flies,
And leaves the woman speechless with surprise.

Next we behold him, flushed with honest pride,
Standing respectfully at the doctor’s side.
The latter pushed away a ponderous book
And greeted Joseph with inquiring look,
Saying: “ Well, young man, how does the patient thrive ? ”
“ But very poorly, sir ; she’s just alive ;
Her fever has increased, a thing of course—
Since last you saw her she has eat a horse.”
“ Eat a horse ! come, sir, no jests I pray,
I’m not in any jesting mood to-day.”
Quoth Joseph : “ Sir, I meant not to offend,
That what I state is true I still contend—
The proof is plain, and cannot be gainsaid—
I saw the saddle underneath the bed.”

Rose Adair.

OH! Rose Adair, so pure and fair,
I love thee! love thee to despair.
Words cannot tell the wild unrest
Thy glance awakens in my breast.

Yet, fair one, though thy slave I be,
Worlds could not tempt me to be free;
Enough, if I may sit and dream,
And sun me in thine eye's soft beam:

Those azure eyes, that sparkle bright
One moment, then in deepest night
'Neath ebon lashes hide away,
And veil their love-inspiring ray.

No fairer form than thine, sweet maid,
Hath poet's fancy ere portrayed;
Yet, 'twas the gem the casket bore
Enslaved my heart for evermore.

Thy soul, that with celestial light
Beams from thine eyes, so pure and bright,
Where virtue, love and truth abide ;
No room for envy, hate, or pride.

Thy heart, so tender, kind and true,
So quick to aid and raise anew
Those trodden down by want or pain,
And teach them how to smile again.

Oh ! were I in this world of tears
Ordained to live a thousand years
In Titan rocks, of amber rare,
My heart would treasure Rose Adair !

Eliza.

TIS sweet to roam the pleasant fields,
When, at the birth of day,
The joyous sunbeams light the corn
And kiss the dews away,
Whilst the high soaring lark's wild song
Rings out o'er hill and dale,
And fragrance, from the woodbine sweet,
Perfumes the southern gale.

'Tis sweet in cool and shady grot
To sit at hot noontide,
And view the busy haymakers
That throng the meadow side,
And blithely toss the fragrant grass,
Or rake it here and there,
Or pausing, wipe their honest brows,
The nut brown ale to share.

But, oh ! 'tis sweeter far to roam,
When, for the distant west
The sun forsakes the harvest field
And lofty mountain's crest ;

Then other rays shall light my path,
Fresh music greet mine ear :
Thy beaming eyes and tuneful voice,
My own Eliza, dear !

Sweet Thoughts.

THE cherished hopes of youth are gone,
Its pleasures faded one by one,
The sweets that we had hoped to sip
Have turned to ashes on the lip;
Yet still bright recollection cheers
Our lonely and declining years;
Sweet thoughts come like flowers that bloom
Over the tomb, over the tomb.

Over the tomb of joys and fears,
Pains and pleasures of by-gone years;
Friends that were false, love that was sold;
Friendship and love, more pure than gold;
Fairy tales, that could once beguile
Home, endeared by a mother's smile.
Sweet thoughts, sweet thoughts, forever bloom
Over the tomb, over the tomb.

Over the tomb of the faded past;
Over the tomb that will close at last;
O'er the still heart, whose pulse hath ceased—
The weary brain from care released.

Doubt not the faithful soul shall live ;
Our God hath spoken, men believe.
Sweet thoughts, sweet thoughts, dispel thy gloom,
And light the tomb, and light the tomb.

To my Wife.

DEAR WIFE, put on thy brightest looks to-day,
Let chill December wear the smile of May;
Then bid each care and sorrow stand aside:
This day, ten years' ago, thou wert a bride.

One long decade has passed of changeful years
Since forth I led thee, smiling through thy tears,
Through hosts of friends, who round us fondly press'd,
And prayed our union might be long and blest.

Ten years of joy, yet not unmixed with pain;
These friends are scattered, ne'er to meet again
This side the tomb; yet still our hearts revere
And dwell upon them with a silent tear.

One heavenly blossom, too, that bloomed awhile,
And shone upon us with an angel's smile,
Has faded from us into realms more bright,
Where sin can enter not, nor sorrow blight.

Then let us join our hands and hearts anew,
Still to our duties and each other true;
Our angel's face shall smile upon our love,
And light our feet with joy to realms above.

Then, Father of all mercy, guide us still ;
Teach us to live obedient to Thy will ;
So still our lives harmoniously shall blend,
To live by Thee and for Thee to the end.

Peggy Bawn.

OH! tell me, have you seen her?
Broken is my rest;

The fairest, sweetest creature
E'er came from the west;
Until her blue eyes smote my
Heart, it knew no care,
'Tis now enslaved forever
By thee, Peggy fair.

Her brow like soft peach blossom,
Checks like leaf of rose,
Long, shining, golden ringlets,
Waving as she goes,
As she goes blithely singing
At the early dawn,
Whilst tripping through the flowers—
Charming Peggy bawn.

A form of fairy lightness,
Eyes of soft, deep blue,
Whose bright and merry glances
Sparkle like the dew,

Small teeth of pearly whiteness,
Heart as light as air ;
Oh ! tell me, have you seen her,
Seen my Peggy fair ?

Oh ! tell me, have you seen her,
When her list'ning ear
Is greeted by the music
That she loves so dear ?
She'll tread the joyous measure
O'er the sunny lawn,
With heart brimful of pleasure,
Lovely Peggy bawn.

Oh ! tell me, have you seen her,
When the aged and poor,
With years and sorrow laden,
Stand around the door,
As she bestows her bounty
With fond, anxious care ?
No angel could look kinder
Than doth Peggy fair.

Though many swains have sought her,
Handsome, young and gay,
Still sweet, winsome Peggy
Always answered nay ;

She'd still be free and careless
As the mountain fawn,
Beloved by all who know her,
Charming Peggy bawn.

The Dying Child.

SECURELY slumbering in midnight gloom
The mighty city sleeps, unmindful of
The wintry winds that rave, the beating rain ;
The virtuous and happy calm repose,
Their inner peace enhanced by outward storms.
Yet there are some astir e'en such a night :
The crouching thief, that tiger-like doth lurk
To spring upon his unsuspecting prey ;
And houseless, homeless wretches, thinly clad,
Are seen like spectres gliding through the gloom,
Amidst the wailing, wailing, wintry winds,
Beneath the falling, falling, ruthless rain.

Now by the feeble flicker of the lamps,
In vain contending with the murky mist,
A careworn form is seen to breast the storm,
Unheeding perils which, above, below,
Do threaten those who wander such a night.
Her sorrows all her mind and heart absorb ;
The rain beats constant on her burning brow,
Which throbs with sad forebodings, anxious thought,

Lest she should miss or haply find too late
One skilled to save a life fast fading out,
Amidst the wailing, wailing, wintry winds,
Beneath the falling, falling, ruthless rain.

Ah ! who that mother's feelings can depict ?
Two of her little ones just fever slain,
The third and sole remaining one now lies
Delirious beneath the dreaded scourge,
Cared by a neighbor, poor, but warm of heart.
The husband and the father, far away
Upon the bosom of the billows, seeks
The wherewithal to buy his dear ones bread.
Ah ! little dreameth he the bitter blight
His home hath suffered, of his wife's despair
Amidst the wailing, wailing, wintry winds,
Beneath the falling, falling, ruthless rain.

At length the mother pauses at the front
Of a large mansion of pretentious size,
Then rings, and in low, eager tone inquires :
"Can I the doctor see, as life and death
Hang in the balance, which his skill may turn ?"
The menial, in cold and heartless tones,
Through the half open door, gives for reply
The stereotyped lie, "He's not at home."

Oh ! what a pang strikes through the mother's breast !
Her failing limbs can scarce sustain her now
Amidst the wailing, wailing, wintry winds,
Beneath the falling, falling, ruthless rain.

In vain she pleads, the massive door is closed,
Closed the last avenue of earthly hope.
"Father in heaven ! look upon my woe,
Pour healing balm upon the fevered brow ;
Oh ! grant Thine aid !" the wretched mother prayed,
"Leave me not utterly bereft of all."
She turns, retracing now her weary steps
Towards her stricken home and dying child ;
Poor, little creature ! she is conscious now,
And feebly lisps, "Will mother soon be here ?"
Amidst the wailing, wailing, wintry winds,
Beneath the falling, falling, ruthless rain.

The words scarce uttered, till the op'ning door
Reveals the loving mother's careworn form.
She sees the stamp of death on that fair face,
Knows, by the glassing eye, the end is near ;
She threw herself upon the couch, and sobbed,
"Oh ! husband, darling, if you were but here ;
How will he bear this bitter, bitter blow,
Which scatters all his earthly hopes to dust ?"

The child, with dying effort, raised her head
And twined her thin arms round her mother's neck,
Amidst the wailing, wailing, wintry winds,
And constant falling, falling, ruthless rain.

Then spoke the child in accents sweet and low,
And with that wonderful precocious tact
Which those possess foredoomed so young to die :
"Oh ! why, dear mother, do you grieve so much
That I must leave you for that happy land
Where there can be no pain or trouble more ?
Where my dear sisters, borne by fair, bright wings,
Shall meet and lead me to my Saviour's throne ;
See ! see ! they beckon me, as when at play."
She ceased. The stainless soul had passed away
Amidst the wailing, wailing, wintry winds,
Beneath the falling, falling, ruthless rain.

The Human Face.

WHAT a study human features,
Where celestial glories shine !
God, alone of all his creatures,
Hath stamped on man's fair face divine.

Here a smile of angel sweetness
Beams bright with rays of love and trust ;
Here a brow of Jove-like greatness
Towereth high above the dust ;

Here a visage coarse and bloated
Doth mark the base, ignoble mind ;
Here by brow and eye denoted
Grovvelling vice and lust we find—

Sin and ignorance depicted,
Deception, avarice and greed ;
'Fore the world we stand convicted,
'Tis wrote in letters each may read.

Then may we for the future strive
To keep those glorious tablets clear,
And from heart and conscience drive
All sins that sully, thoughts that sear.

Let us earnestly endeavor
To keep our passions in control,
For the human face is ever
The mirror'd reflex of the soul.

A New Year's Call.

I'D a visitor lately—a gentleman queer—
Having just celebrated the incoming year,
And imbibed rather freely of whiskey and beer,
Felt a stranger to fear, and as soon will appear,
For of this there's no doubt, my perceptions were clear,
As I tumbled to bed in my room at the rear.

It was scarcely an hour till I woke from my nap,
As I heard at my room door a terrible rap ;
It flew open instanter, with a loud clap,
And there stood by my bedside a dapper old chap,
Whose hand gave my shoulder a terrible slap
As I dodged 'neath the quilt and pulled down my nightcap ;

Then saluted me thus, "Come, friend, let us be plain,
I've a few words to say, and my time's on the wane ;
If you heed my advice it may save you much pain :
I wish you from one little thing to refrain—
Never mix any beer with your whiskey again ;
Mind, I speak as a friend, as you'll soon ascertain."

"Who the devil are you?" I said, after a while—
As I felt myself quite reassured by his smile—
"By what right do you thrust yourself here in this style?
I think, my dear sir, you've assurance a pile,
And I wish you away, at the least a full mile."
He replied, "Pray beware! lest the devil you'll rile."

"The devil!" quoth I. "The devil," quoth he. "Now see;
I intend you no ill; but pray listen to me:
I say whiskey and lager can never agree.
Drink either or neither, drink them ever so free,
Drink strong brandy, champagne, sherry wine, sangaree;
But remember my words when you go on a spree."

Then he vanished away in a moment of time
To a warmer, if not to a sunnier clime,
As the last stroke of one died away on the chime,
Leaving odors of kerosene, brimstone and lime.
As you may not have seen him, I think it no crime
With a sketch of his figure to finish my rhyme.

Now I very minutely his features did scan,
And I think, for his years, he looks quite a young man,
And in stature he's built on the medium plan,
His complexion being marred with somewhat of a tan,
Which approximates close to the color of bran,
Though 'twere easy to find a much worse looking man.

That he follows the fashion I can vouch for that,
For he wore on his head Knox's new style of hat,
Whilst his breast was adorned with a splendid cravat,
And a diamond pin of a thousand carat,
Which was pure, I feel sure, for the devil's no flat.
P. S.—The rest of his wardrobe I could not get at.

Dreams.

DAY is past, its toils completed ;
Sleep enshrouds me like a pall ;
Far away my soul hath fled,
Like a school-boy freed from thrall,

Far beyond earth's utmost border
Into worlds mysterious, strange ;
Fleeter than the fleetest norther
My soul on volant wings doth range.

Angel guarded portals passing,
To her native heaven she flies,
And 'midst saints the throne compassing,
Seeks her loved kindred in the skies.

O'er what strange lands she doth travel !
What wondrous scenes she passes through ;
'Tis a web we can't unravel,
Nor separate the false from true.

Can the skies contain aught grander,
Or hell more dismal terrors own,
Than the soul sees, which doth wander
Trembling through the dread unknown?

Vast themes for investigation
Philosophy in dreams will find,
Strange and deep hallucination,
Wondrous mirage of the mind.

On Social Reform.

Go, dreary snow ; pass, weary winter long,
And with ye take all sorrows ; leave behind
No fretful clouds, no shades of godless wrong.

Come, gentle spring ! with joy to all mankind.
Back through the hazy mist we gaze
With sorrow for the misspent days ;
Regretting we have lacked to praise
God, who to us hath given
The blessings past, the cheering rays
Of promised joys in heaven.

Intemperance and vice, with powerful wand
Have lured, alas ! full many souls to death,
Spread desolation o'er a smiling land,
Impeding progress with their baleful breath.
We slept ; might took the place of right ;
We wake, and, lo ! the radiant light
Of fairest morn—whose beams so bright
Each humble roof illumine—
Succeeds the shadows of the night
And banishes the gloom.

Then come, ye hardy toilers of the land,
Assert the rights your country gives to you;
Come forward like true men, and take your stand,
To hold in check the vile, rapacious crew.
Each one of you a birthright owns
Too precious far to leave to drones,
Who slight your wishes or your moans,
Who freemen would enthrall.
No vassals ye of tyrant thrones,
A sov'reign people all!

Oh! read aright the lesson of the past,
Let blatant demagogues no more mislead;
And should the sky again be overcast,
Ye shall have something stored for time of need;
Shun follies tending to abase,
Take in the ranks your proper place,
Strive hate and discord to efface,
Till, wheresoe'er we roam,
Sweet peace and smiling plenty grace
Our free and happy home.

The Wager.

NEAR Dublin City there did once reside
A gentleman of means, who took a pride
In boundless hospitality and cheer,
For which his name was famous far and near.

A fearless hunter, he each cover knew,
And kept a pack of hounds, both staunch and true ;
And none like he o'er hedge and ditch could go,
Responsive to the hearty "view hallo !"

Now in the Squire's employment was a boy
Who'd seen some forty summers, named McCoy—
A lean, lank effigy of skin and bone ;
Throughout the country Pat McCoy was known,

For he was never absent from the chase—
Each hound and huntsman knew his kindly face ;
O'er fence and stream he'd dash, through mud and mire,
Long limbed and barefoot, naught his zeal could tire.

Yet though a very Nimrod of the west,
'Twas not on deeds of chase his fame did rest,
For he with greatest ease could masticate
More food than any five men of his weight.

Now, as it chanced, there came a trusty friend
To the old hall, a week or two to spend—
A boon companion, one who loved a jest,
A bottle, too, as must be here confest.

It chanced one day, whilst looking round the place,
The visitor caught sight of Pat's lean face
As it protruded o'er the wicket, where
The glossy hunters neighed and pawed the air.

Then he the Squire's attention next did draw
To Pat's enormous amplitude of jaw ;
Says he, "Whatever ails that fellow there?
He seems to me like one who lived on air."

The Squire made answer, with a roguish look,
"Friend, never by the cover judge the book ;
That chap could stow in his capacious maw
Full half as much as any ass could draw.

"You doubt my word? 'Tis true, though you may laugh;
I'll bet that Pat McCoy can eat a calf."

"Well," quoth his friend, "I like a little fun ;
I'll stake a hundred on 't, what say you?" "Done !"

A servant was despatched the calf to kill,
Next day the cook prepared the same with skill;
She made it up into delicious pies,
Of which there were a dozen vast in size.

When Pat returned from the chase next day
He straightway to the kitchen made his way,
To take a lunch, just something to abate
His hunger, fearing dinner might be late.

Now, when the cook saw Pat come striding in,
Her ruddy face expanded in a grin,
And to his satisfaction and surprise
She set before him one of the huge pies,

Then sent a messenger the Squire to call,
Who all his guests soon mustered in the hall;
Bold Pat regarded not their looks the least,
But fell to work at his enormous feast:

Through the brown crust his knife made mighty rents,
Dish after dish he cleared of their contents,
Yet still kept on, with unabated fire;
Not for one moment did he seem to tire.

The guests were mute with wonder and amaze,
As now the twelfth and last one he essays;
Yet this he vanquished too, without a pause,
And the last morsel vanished 'tween his jaws.

Now his collation over, Pat once more
Rose up, well pleased, and moved towards the door,
When one accosted him, with roguish eye,
Saying, "Pat, won't you a little pudding try?"

"Well, thank you, not at present, sir," said Pat,
"I'll take a little walk now—after that
I must keep quiet or I'll lose the bet—
I have a calf to eat for master yet!"

The Absent One.

WE mourn thee as one dead, for o'er the sea
There cometh word nor sign to tell of thee ;
It cannot be that thou could'st live and hold .
Our hearts in drear suspense by silence cold ;
We know too well the love thy bosom bore
Thy only sister, on a far-off shore ;
A love so pure and holy changeth not,
But lives till all things earthly are forgot.

The Summer past, now Autumn's leaves are fled,
Another year is numbered with the dead ;
Still of the absent one no tidings come—
To earnest pleadings ev'ry voice is dumb.
Oh, fell suspense ! uncertainty how drear ;
The ills we meet are naught to those we fear.
Tell me, ye winds from England's distant shore,
Shall we behold her face in life no more ?

No voice replies, the throbbing, heaving main
Rolls on, unmindful of man's woe or pain ;
His hidden secrets he will ne'er reveal
Till the archangel breaks the final seal.

Speak then, ye winds, since others will not hear,
Have ye no tidings of my sister dear?
Ye winds that o'er the wild Atlantic rave,
Lives she, or sleeps she in the silent grave?

Clarissa.

I'VE been thinking of days gone by
When thou wert the pride of the ball;
Though beauty with beauty did vie,
Yet thou wert the fairest of all.

The scions of wealth and fashion
Still strutted about in thy train,
Whilst I, a slave to love's passion,
Endured all in silence my pain.

At length through clouds broke the brightest
Of sunbeams that e'er came to me,
As with a heart none the lightest
I roamed by the cliffs near the sea;

I watched, from the crags wild and steep,
The seagulls that skimmed o'er the bay;
Sad murmurs arose from the deep,
Receding reluctant away;

And I wondered if she could divine
The feelings that wounded my rest,
Perceive, by no token or sign,
The depth of my love unconfess'd.

And thus, as I mused in despair,
The storm clouds were gathering fast,
When over the heath wild and bare
Came cries of distress on the blast.

Even now I tremble to think
Of the sight that greeted my eyes,
As near the dark precipice brink
I turned, at those wild, piercing cries !

A maiden for succor appeals,
As borne by mad horses away,
With crashing and dashing of wheels ;
I thought of her fate with dismay.

Away o'er the wild, barren heath,
To where the dread precipice lies,
Away to destruction and death
The swiftly borne chariot flies.

The driver he struggles in vain
To check their impulsive career,
No bridle or bit can restrain,
They know no control but their fear.

One wheel now collides with a rock,
The driver is hurled, with a bound,
All bleeding and stunned by the shock,
Far out on the hard, flinty ground.

'Tis time now to act, not to think :
I draw forth a pistol and fire,
And within twenty yards of the brink
A steed now rolls dead in the mire ;

The other, with wild, streaming mane,
And flanks with dank foam thickly strewn,
Now plunges and struggles in vain ;
The maiden lies wrapt in a swoon.

Oh ! think of my rapture and glee,
As that pale, drooping lily I raised,
To find 'twas my loved one; 'twas she,
Clarissa ; now Heaven be praised !

Unhurt, but unconscious from fear,
I watched her intently to see
Those sweet violet eyes reappear
And shed their bright lustre on me.

Her hair had escaped from its fold
And mantled her shoulders and mine
In masses of pale yellow gold,
As she lay on my bosom supine.

I longed to her lips, ruby red,
One deep, fervent kiss to impart,
As she her fair, beautiful head
Reposed on my wild, throbbing heart.

To her mansion I bore her away,
My lovely and fair stricken dove ;
I saw her full oft from that day,
And gratitude warmed into love.

And now thou art loved and revered
As none other, my beautiful wife,
And each day to me more endeared,
Clarissa, my darling, my life.

To Ettie.

EVE o'er the land soft dews hath sprent,
The song birds nestward flee,
The gold impurpled fleecy clouds
Incline towards the sea.
E'en so this faithful heart, my love,
Shall still incline to thee.

The home illumed by thy sweet smile,
Earth holds no spot so fair ;
Vast schemes may dwell in other minds,
Each thought of mine is there.

Nature and art may still present
Sweet objects to my view.
Oh ! still believe me, Ettie dear,
None seem so fair as you !

The Watch Dog.

IT IS now some time since I the works did con
Of the renowned naturalist, Buffon ;
Though, should my memory not somewhat clog,
'Tis thus, I think, that he describes the dog :
"An animal of most sagacious mind,
And docile temper, faithful to mankind."
Now, this with my own views did coincide,
And oft I'd pat brave Neptune's glossy side,
Ride on his back, or with him romp and play
In happy childhood, for the livelong day.
In boyhood, too, he was my chief delight ;
From school was o'er he seldom left my sight,
And oft I'd stand upon the bank and throw
A stick far out into the stream below ;
Then in he'd plunge, and bravely 'gainst the tide
Returning, shake the bright spray either side.
Now, this was all I ever had to do
With dogs of any kind, or shape, or hue,
Until a friend of mine, from Brooklyn town,
Who owned a long-haired puppy, small and brown,

Called at my house one day—it chanced to rain—
Dragging the cur behind him with a chain ;
And when he'd brought him full into my view,
Says he to me, "I've brought this dog for you ;
I have removed, and where I'm living now
They will not let one keep a poor bow-wow.
He is a splendid creature, look him o'er ;
Besides, you want a dog to watch the store.
You'll find him very useful round the house,
Which he will keep quite clear of rat or mouse."
This was indeed a pleasure—a surprise—
And tears of gratitude stood in my eyes,
As from his hand I took the chain and tied
Him near the fire until his coat had dried ;
And from that moment until his decease
I never knew one hour of rest or peace.
When tied, he'd bark and yelp, both night and day ;
If loose, he'd rend and smash all in his way,
Demolish all that he could pounce upon ;
One day he swallowed up my wife's chignon ;
Now this sad conduct made me oft irate,
Yet still I hoped the nuisance would abate,
When he grew older he'd be more sedate ;
But this, alas ! was not to be his fate ;
It chanced I placed my watch and guard, one day,
Upon a table, under which he lay.
The chain, perchance, was hanging somewhat o'er,

He seized and dragged it down upon the floor,
And ev'ry villanous device employed
Until the watch and chain he had destroyed,
The dial smashed, each wheel torn from its place,
And like a nutmeg grater left the case ;
The chain dissevered, and the jewels lost,
The hands and works around the place were toss'd.
When I perceived the havoc he had wrought,
I sat some time absorbed in anxious thought,
Concerning the most expeditious way
To rid me of that "dog who'd had his day ;"
I thought of poison, pistols, clubs and twine,
But mercy bade me alter my design ;
I hired a boy to take him to the pound,
The cruel urchin went, and had him drowned.
Some months elapsed before I saw friend John.
He kindly asked me "How the dog came on—
Were he quite well, and had I got him yet?"
His countenance I never shall forget
As I his wicked conduct did relate,
And sadly told him of his dismal fate.
"What, drowned!" quoth he ; "that is a mighty pity—
He was the greatest watch dog in the city !"
Says I, "My friend, that's true unto the letter ;
Still, one much worse would answer me much better.
Though he might watch until his eyes grew dim,
I found it too much trouble watching him."

The Farmer of Maine.

A FARMER, who dwelt in the State of Maine,
Was walking, one morning, down a lane ;
The morning was cold, the farmer was old,
And he lost his wallet, well filled with gold.

Now, he was a greedy, surly old chap,
Who ne'er for aught but his gold cared a rap ;
He had never a wife, yet plenty of strife—
He never had had a friend in his life.

A poor woman, chancing to pass that way
Early at morn of the very same day,
Spied out with pleasure the golden treasure,
And took it home to count at her leisure ;

She scanned it with mingled delight and fear—
Such wealth she'd not seen in many a year ;
To keep it she burned, yet the thought she spurned.
She would know no peace till it was returned.

But who was the owner ? That must be seen ;
She inquired, and found it was farmer Green,
And this surly old churl he did reside
In an old farm house by a bleak hill side.

At length she found him, and stated the case ;
The farmer received her with surly face.
He counted the money, stowed it away,
Then turned from the finder and said "Good day!"

Says she to the farmer, "'Tis mighty hard
To turn me away without some reward ;
Had one less honest found that in the lane
You'd never have seen it more, that's plain."

Says he, "Your story is framed to deceive ;
Your honest intentions I don't believe ;
'Twas God who sent you the gold, you old goose !
Of which dread of the devil deprived you the use."

MORAL.

In our journey through life, amidst sunshine and rain,
We may meet many men like this farmer of Maine,
Who will never give others the credit to own
Any attributes which they themselves have not shown.

The Maid to Win My Love.

I COULD not link my fate with one,
However fair she be,
Who could not give the first free love
Of her young heart to me ;
I could not on that breast recline
That other love had known,
Nor press those ruby lips to mine
That were not all my own.

Although her voice were low and sweet
As silver bells at eve,
It never round this heart of mine
The spells of love could weave ;
Her eyes might hold the sunbeams chained
Within their liquid spheres,
Yet they, perchance, more brightly beamed
With love in by-gone years.

The maid to win my love must be
As guileless, fresh and free
As the first snow drop of the spring
That bloometh on the lea ;

And she must have a loving heart
To throb for me alone,
And coral lips, whose warm, soft kiss
No lips but mine have known.

If such sweet maiden e'er incline
To tread life's path with me,
How happy and supremely blest
My lot would seem to be!
With shelt'ring arms I'd shield my love
From ev'ry stormy blast,
And soothe her in my fond embrace
When skies were overcast.

Oh! we would live in peace and love
Until, life's journey o'er,
We'd part, to meet in realms above,
Where love can die no more.
If such fair gem I fail to find,
I'll travel on alone,
For I shall never wed with one
Whose heart is not my own.

Adieu, Fair City.

ADIEU, fair city, spreading wide—
I take my leave of thee ;
I follow yonder setting sun
To western forests free ;
No more your pent up air I'll breathe,
Your streets bewild'ring roam—
Far from your pleasures and your snares
I'll build my future home.

And when the wintry winds shall leave
The forest monarchs bare,
My sturdy axe and cheerful song
Shall wake the echoes there ;
At eve, when healthful toil is done,
I'll hasten home with glee,
Whence forth my little ones shall run
And cluster round my knee.

There spread before them Nature's book
Forever, open, fair ;
Their young minds shall expand with truth,
And vice can spread no snare.

Adieu, great city, once again,
Whate'er my lot may be,
I ne'er shall find, 'mid forests wild,
A wilderness like thee.

Humble Life.

OH! son of toil, deem not thy fate,
Though humbly cast, more hard to bear
Than that of some who sit in state
In council halls or palace fair.

No earthly riches bring content,
No wealth can purchase peace of mind
Like his, whose useful life is spent
In harmony with all mankind.

Though it was never human lot
To pass through life exempt from pain,
Yet we court ills that seek us not,
And Sorrow treads in Folly's train.

How many a great, heroic name
Hath graced a humble lot like thine;
And brows engarlanded by fame
With never fading laurels shine.

For talents rare, and sterling worth,
Mark often men of humble birth ;
Whilst vice obscures the halo thrown
Round scepter'd king and royal throne.

Come, Sing Me a Song, Little May.

COME, sing me a song, little May !
Nay, blush not and look so demure;
My heart is as blithesome to-day
As thine is unsullied and pure.

Well, blush as thou wilt, lovely May !
Thy bright blooming cheeks, my sweet girl,
Contrast with thy brow, and display
Sweet roses, endamasked on pearl.

Come, sing me one song, little May !
This bower, with ivy o'ergrown,
Excludeth the sun's piercing ray,
And shuts out all eyes save our own.

Oh ! memories precious as gold
Are linked with this old rustie shade;
'Twas here first my fond love I told,
And won thy consent, my sweet maid !

Then sing me a song, little May,
And nestle thee close to my side;
Oh! joyous and light be the lay,
To-morrow, I'll hail thee my bride.

Oh! sweet is thy song, gentle May!
Soft south winds shall murmur it o'er,
And song birds shall steal it away
To sing to their loves evermore.

Blue Eyed Mary.

LONG years have passed, my love, since that sad day
When from my aching sight you sailed away.
How deep my grief! how bitter was the pain
As the tall vessel faded o'er the main!
Till then I knew not I had loved so well
My blue eyed Mary, of the flow'ry dell.

Ah, Fate! 'twas hard between my love and me
To place those sev'ring leagues of land and sea;
Her blooming cheeks 'neath tropic suns will pale,
Her bright eyes languish in the sultry gale.
Thou loved and lost one! still I own thy spell,
My blue eyed Mary, of the flow'ry dell.

Yet Hope still whispers, at no distant time
Thou wilt return unto thy native clime,
To roam with me once more by crystal rills,
And breathe the healthful breezes of the hills—
Return, sweet love! return with me to dwell,
My blue eyed Mary, of the flow'ry dell.

Sweet Eglantine.

SWEET Eglantine ! Sweet Eglantine !
My love is like to thee ;
She's Nature's child, and bloometh wild
In maiden purity.
Around her cot thy branches twine,
And its fair porch enwreath :
Thy fragrant perfume mingles with
The air my love doth breathe.

At morn the golden sunbeams pierce
Her lattice with their sheen ;
Oh ! might I with those sunbeams glide,
And kiss my love unseen !
If I could share that cot with her,
What heavenly bliss were mine !
My Bessie's arms around me thrown,
And thine, sweet Eglantine.

Soft Sighs the Wind.

SOFT sighs the wind adown the verdant glade,
And thrills the op'ning blossoms, white and red,
And sways the primrose on its lowly bed :
I wait thee, maiden, in the cool leaved shade.
The oriole in pendant nest doth quake,
And scan my motions with a jealous eye ;
The bright plumed jay flits timorously by,
And sun winged swallows skim the placid lake.
Now tremulous with joy my blood doth tide.
Unheeded all the flowers at my feet,
The wafted fragrance of the wild thyme sweet.
One fairer, sweeter, standeth at my side ;
No voice of bird wild warbling through the glade
Can charm like thine, Elmira's lovely maid !

The Widow and her Sons.

PRAISE be to Thee, oh God! whose mercy kind
"To the shorn lamb doth temper the rude wind;"
Whose arms make light the cross that all must bear,
To fit them for Thy heavenly mansion fair.

When Thou so will'd it, in Thy allwise ways,
To call the partner of my youthful days,
Thy tender eye did pity my distress,
And spared my darling sons to cheer and bless.

Then earnestly I prayed for aid from Thee,
To well discharge the trust reposed in me,
To shield from perils which environ youth,
And teach them to revere Thy name and truth.

And Thou saw fit to grant my heartfelt prayer,
And to reward a mother's anxious care.
I view them now with tears of joy and pride,
Like stately pillars standing side by side.

My first born, John, so silent and reserved,
In thee thy father's image is preserved;
His virtues, which my admiration won,
Fell, like the prophet's robe, on thee, my son.

And there's no kinder, lighter heart on earth
Than thine, dear George, which overflows with mirth,
Thy pleasant fancies like bright sunbeams come
And shed a lustre round our happy home.

Our happy home! where love and peace reside,
With filial duty and maternal pride,
For which I thank Thee, Lord! through all my days,
Thine are the gifts! be Thine alone the praise!

Little May.

WOULDST' know, dear wife, the sweetest sound
This earth contains for me?
It is to hear her lisp my name
Who sits upon thy knee.

Though storms without may rudely rave,
Soft sunbeams ever play
Around the pretty rosebud mouth
Of our sweet little May;

And with each bright and golden curl
They seem to kiss and toy,
Or peep from out the dimples in
Her cheeks, enwreathed with joy;

And, oh! it glads my heart when she,
With innocent delight,
Doth try to force her rosy lips
To lisp, "Papa, good night!"

Sweet Kathleen.

SWEET Kathleen, on thy grave I kneel ;
The chill wind round me sighs.
Vain all my efforts to conceal
The tears that dim mine eyes.

No more with thee I'll pace the grove ;
No more thy lips I'll press ;
The memory of thy faithful love
Is all I now possess.

And that, sweet Kathleen, evermore
In this true heart of mine
Shall live, until, its throbbing o'er,
It lies as cold as thine.

Oh ! sweet and pure beyond compare !
In life's first op'ning bloom,
With ev'ry prospect smiling fair,
How sad hath been thy doom !

Since first the hand of Death did wield
The life-destroying dart,
It never smote a fairer form
Or chilled a warmer heart.

My gentle Kathleen, for thy fond,
Deep love of early years,
I naught can offer thee beyond
This tribute of my tears.

Love and Envy.

FRED. Dear Clara, I'd a pleasant chat
With Flora Grey to-day.

CLARA. I'm glad of that, she seldom has
A single word to say.

FRED. How sylph-like is her lovely form,
How neat and small her waist!

CLARA. Why, I should not seem half her size
Were I as tightly laced.

FRED. She shone like some fair lily at
The ball the other night.

CLARA. Some say she wears too many airs
And too much Paris white.

FRED. I love to see those glossy curls
Around her shoulders thrown.

CLARA. Well, yes, they would be very nice
If they were but her own!

FRED. My charming Flora's just sixteen,
Her temper sweet and mild.

CLARA. Why, I am nearly eighteen, and
She nursed me when a child.

FRED. Well, that she has got lovely teeth
I'm sure you can't deny.

CLARA. Well, that is so. Yet some of them
I went with her to buy.

Bessie.

COME, sweet Bessie, roam with me—
Fair nature sinks to rest.
The glories of the setting sun
Are over all the west.

The river, like a thread of gold,
Glides smoothly on its way—
Oh, ne'er was seen a brighter close
To lovely summer day.

The birds, in their sweet even song,
Forever seem to sing
Thy name, sweet Bessie, o'er and o'er,
Till all the woodlands ring.

Ah! dearest, more than all the earth
I prize thy love for me;
The bleakest desert shore would seem
Emparadised by thee.

The clouds now hover by the hills,
Night's shadows o'er us creep ;
The birds grow mute, the stars peep out,
The flow'rets softly sleep.

Now lovely Bessie roams with me
Along the river side,
And pledges her fair faith to be
My bonnie blooming bride.

The Sailor Boy.

ADIEU ! my mother, fond and kind ;
Our gallant bark must soon away ;
Her swan-like bosom woos the wind,
And I no longer can delay.

Oh ! stay, my son, you little know
Those treach'rous waves, that calmly lie—
How wild and fierce those winds can blow
That now so softly seem to sigh.

I reckon not, mother, how they rave—
I love them in their wild mood best,
And long to see the mountain wave
When lurid lightnings cleave its crest ;

To cruise along the Spanish shore,
Where stern Gibraltar lifteth high
Its frowning summits, stern and hoar,
Majestically to the sky ;

To see, beneath the jasper foam,
Bright ruby reefs of coral glow ;
And crystal caves, where mermaids comb
Their golden locks o'er breasts of snow ;

To bask in tropic sunshine, where,
Like em'ralsds set in sapphire seas,
The spice isles of Malaysia fair
With balmy odors flood the breeze ;

Or tread at eve the citrus grove,
Where bright plumed paradisea
Sip nectar from the flowers they love—
Sweet amaranths that bloom for aye.

Then, mother darling, do not weep ;
I yet, perchance, may win a name
Like these great heroes of the deep
Who live in everlasting fame.

And He, who rules both sea and land,
Will still protect your sailor boy.
The winds shall cease at His command,
The wild waves wear a smile of joy.

Then, mother dear, once more adieu !
Give me your blessing ere we part ;
My ev'ry thought shall cling to you,
And ev'ry fond wish of my heart.

To Philanthropists.

FROM the palace studded highway,
From the narrow, crooked by-way
Comes the sound of bitter weeping,
Which the slothful Christian, sleeping,
Heedeth not.

From the heart of the great city
Comes a cry for aid and pity,
Like the dismal night wind sighing,
From the feeble and the dying,
From the poor.

Hear the orphan's plaintive pleading,
As the crowd goes by unheeding ;
See the pallid drunkard reeling,
And the fallen woman kneeling
In despair.

List to youths, of child-like seeming,
The Creator's name blaspheming ;
Drifting blindly in their folly—
None to warn—'tis melancholy
To behold.

In their squalor and dejection
They appeal for your protection.
Ye gay votaries of pleasure,
Who are blessed with wealth and leisure,
Seek and save.

There are names that live in story,
Crowned with what the world calls glory ;
Yet the voice of praise is heard not,
And the hero's dust is stirred not
In the grave.

But the noble Christian, caring
For the hungry, the despairing,
For the helpless and the lowly,
Shall fulfil a mission holy
And sublime.

Theirs a crown, decay defying,
Theirs a glory, never dying ;
They, from Heavenly founts outwelling,
Shall drink deep of bliss, excelling
Human joys.

Charge of the Lancers.

ON they sweep, with pennons streaming,
Bright plumes waving, lances gleaming,
Sabres clanging, war steeds prancing :
Lancers to the charge advancing !
Like the hurricane, that crasheth
Through the forest pines, and dasheth
Down before it, as it rages,
Trees that braved the storm for ages,
So rush they ! 'mid bullets pouring,
Loud mouthed cannon hoarsely roaring,
As throughout the valley gory
Rings their war cry, "Death or glory !"

Forward ! till their thin'd ranks scatter'd,
Rent and riven, crushed and shatter'd,
Then the steel girt squares receive them,
Iron bolts and bullets cleave them ;
Horse and rider fall together
Prone upon the crimson heather.

Lances couched, no danger fearing,
O'er the bloody course careering,
On those fierce volcanoes rushing
With a force resistless, crushing,
Spear and sabre reeking, gory :
Thus they rode to death or glory !

Shrouded by the cloud of battle,
Louder grows the din and rattle
Of the fiery host contending ;
Sword on bayonet descending,
And the blood-stained lances, whirling,
Death on ev'ry side are hurling,
Till the squares are sever'd, flying,
And the heaps of dead and dying
'Neath the chargers' hoofs are trodden
On the red turf, dank and sodden.
Now the deadly work is done ;
Yours the field, the battle's won.
Heroes ! it shall live in story
How ye rode to death or glory !

Lines

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MARIE LOUISE BUTLER, SISTER OF
ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S MOST ESTEEMED FRIENDS.

I.

D TYRANT Death! whose undisputed sway
All trembling nature owneth with dismay;
Whose fell, subduing shaft alike doth bow
The mighty monarch and the peasant low;
Whose stern caprice oft palsied age doth spare
To crush the op'ning flower, just budding fair—
The first fruit of our love, the dearest, best,
Thou seemest still to smite before the rest.
Yet here thy cruel mercy thou dost show;
They little heed the terrors of thy blow.
The pure and innocent have naught to fear—
Thou can'st but guide to a more blissful sphere.
Thy frowns all harmless on the Christian fall—
Beyond thy realms he hears his Master's call;
Strong faith sustains his weak and falt'ring heart;
He bares his breast to thy destroying dart,
And feels thy present triumph will but be
The prelude of his greater victory!

That he shall live when thou, at God's command,
Shall yield the sceptre from thy withered hand—
Thy once dread spear, no more thou'lt wield it now—
The crown of terror from thy fleshless brow.
He, clothed in light, emergeth from the tomb ;
Thou, Death, enchained in everlasting gloom !

II.

When, by some cruel sportsman's missile torn,
The sweet voiced mavis, singing blithe at morn,
Flies on weak pinions to her well loved nest,
To dew it with the life-blood from her breast,
E'en so, when shattered by disease and pain,
Our darling sought her native home again.
Her loving kindred, friends of happy yore,
Went forth with glee to welcome her on shore.
Alas ! alas ! how little did they know
How soon their joy would end in utter woe.
Scarce had their kindly greetings died away
Till here they laid thee, in the cold damp clay !
Now, Marie, darling, on thy early tomb
The first fair snowdrops of the spring time bloom ;
In their fresh beauty they appear to me
Sweet emblems of thy youth and purity.
Oh ! thou wert ever lovely in thy life—
A faithful daughter, sister, friend and wife—
A steadfast Christian, humble and resigned,
We mourn thy loss, thou pearl of woman kind !

Fain would we kiss the rod that dealt the blow,
Yet oft our tears will all unbidden flow.
Vain strive we to restrain our selfish sighs—
Our love doth e'en begrudge thee to the skies.
Yet grief is idle, for ere long the grave
O'er us may close, the solemn cypress wave.
Far better from thy meek example learn
All sinful thoughts and foolish pride to spurn,
That through Death's portals we may gaze, like thee
With hopeful joy upon eternity!

An Address to a Skull.

SAD wreck of a once noble mansion thou!
Despoiled of all thy pristine glory now.
Relentless foes have scattered far and wide
The sculpture that adorned thee in thy pride.
Ah! who, now looking on thy fallen state,
Would think that once from out thy pearly gate
Rang peals of laughter—that thy windows shone
With festive light, in happy days long gone?
Abandoned by thy tenant, then, alas!
To mouldering ruin thou did quickly pass.
Still one hath said that there shall come a day
Thy Architect will raise thee from the clay—
Thy former occupant to thee restore,
And thou shalt shine in beauty evermore.

To Mary.

THERE is music in thy name,
Mary, lovely Mary,
Sweeter than the breath of fame,
Mary, lovely Mary ;

Sweeter far than song of bird,
Mary, lovely Mary ;
Or the lute by zephyrs stirred,
Mary, lovely Mary.

How it made the earth rejoice,
Mary, lovely Mary.
When the herald angel's voice
Called thy name, dear Mary.

Song.

LET us haste to that vale, far away from the throng,
And environed by verdant and sheltering hills,
Where the mocking bird mingles its syren-like song
With the musical murmurs of clear sparkling rills.

There the sunbeams at morn will look on our bliss,
As they glow on the landscape with splendor and sheen,
And salute the blushed cheek of the rose with a kiss
Such as fair village maid might receive from a queen.

Here doth Love dwell forever—unable to fly
O'er the heather clad hills, towering lofty and bold—
Here the sweetest birds sing and the softest winds sigh,
'Neath light gossamer cloudlets of purple and gold.

There are dear friends to welcome with joy and delight
My fair bride to her own smiling home in the vale;
And my love shall be true as thy beauty is bright,
And my bosom shall shield thee from every gale.

Then away, love, away! 'tis the sweet month of May,
And the meadows are decked with a carpet of flowers;
They might tempt with their beauty an angel to stay—
Oh, then think, lovely Mary, what bliss will be ours!

The Humane Society.

WAVE girt Manhattan, well mayest thou be proud
Of thy vast commerce and thy high renown,
Thy parks and avenues broad, palace lined,
Thy stores full laden with the wealth of worlds,
And what is greater, nobler far than these,
Thy charity and liberality.
Yea, in thy great compassion thou hast cared
Not for the suffering human race alone
But for the patient beast, that toils away
Its life in faithful service to mankind,
And all those humble creatures that were wont
To suffer for the wanton sport of man.

How beautiful is mercy when bestowed
Upon the suppliant who craves a boon !
Yet more so when it soothes the tortures dire
Of the poor dumb and helpless brute, that writhes
In needless pain and cruel agony,
Unable to express the pang it feels,
Or to resist its senseless tyrant's wrath.

O! noble band of true philanthropists,
May all success on your endeavors smile,
And all our sympathy be yours the while;
And God speed all your efforts, we exclaim—
Your noble institute and gen'rous aim.

Sonnet.

HOW fair the fancies of our youthful days!
How bright the landscape opens to the view!
Sweet smiling paths, all tinged with rosy hue,
Where love still loiters and where pleasure strays,
And summer sunshine seems to dwell always.
O'erhead a canopy of liquid blue,
Beneath, a flowery carpet, gem'd with dew,
Undim'd by neutral shades or sober greys.
Here would I halt the chariot of time,
To dwell upon the picture long and long—
The myrtle glades, the groves of golden lime,
Till all my joy, unpent, outwelling, strong,
Aglow with rapture, like a silv'ry chime,
Rolled heavenward in a melody of song.

Margaret.

LOVELY Margaret, fair was thy face,
And dark as the night was thy hair,
Ev'ry feature and motion was grace—

No maiden with thee could compare.
As I gazed in thy clear azure eyes
Fond love in their depths seemed to shine,
And a saint in his home in the skies
Might envy the bliss that was mine.

Lovely Margaret, false was thy heart,
Thy lips were as truthless as sweet—
Now alone and unpitied I smart
In grief for thy cruel deceit.
Can'st thou dream what a wreck thou hast made,
What ruin thy falsehood hath wrought—
From thy mind can thy broken vows fade,
Or gold stifle every thought?

Now I peer through the mist of the past,
And pensively ponder and sigh,
As I think of thy tears flowing fast,
Thy kiss, and thy tender good-by.

Lovely Margaret, never again
Can peace to this bosom be known,
For, alas! naught but ashes remain
Of the heart once so truly thine own.

The Fern.

THE bitter blast is from the Norland blowing,
With sullen roar the swollen stream is flowing;
The regal rose is on its cold couch lying,
The lovely lily fading, drooping, dying;
Where, then, for grace and beauty shall we seek?
Far in the wooded vale, there, low and meek,
The fairy-fibred, delicately woven fern
Its multiform, autumnal tinted leaves upturn,
Revealing to the eager, prying student still
A wonderful display of nature's matchless skill.

Cemetery Hill.

AS when, with deep and solemn feeling fraught,
Within the precincts of some sacred shrine,
The pilgrim pauseth, wrapt in pensive thought,
And yields his soul to influence divine,

So, midst thy calm and silent solitude,
As sank the golden sun towards the west,
With patriotic reverence imbued,
I stood upon thy monumental crest;

And, lonely musing, o'er my fancy came
The stirring memories of other days,
When Gettysburg achieved her dreadful fame
In three fierce fought and long contested frays.

There, o'er the mould'ring ashes of the brave,
I view once more the terrors of the fight;
On ev'ry side the battle banners wave,
The serried columns burst upon the sight.

Where blooms the peach in yonder orchard fair,
Fast form the dread artillery in line ;
Their guns unlimber and for strife prepare—
Three mighty States their thunders here combine.

Scarce by the waving foliage concealed,
Stands Thompson, breasted by an iron wall ;
Here Biglow beareth Massachusetts's shield,
Whilst Hart, with York's fair maidens, opes the ball.

And loudly now the deep-mouthed cannon boom—
The rifles answer with a storm of lead—
Volcanic fires flash through the murky gloom,
And light the ghastly features of the dead.

The dreadful clangour rends the vaulted sky,
The sun looms red, with lurid clouds o'ercast,
The shriek of shell, the dying soldier's cry,
The charging yell—all mingle in the blast.

Now fast the foe with dauntless front draws near,
Across the plain his countless legions pour,
And, in response to their exulting cheer,
A hundred cannon from the Round Top roar.

There on the summit stood the gallant Third,
And bravely the unequal fight maintained ;
The Pennsylvanians rose at Crawford's word,
And from their rifles deadly volleys rained.

Then through the stifling clouds of battle smoke
The glitter of advancing hosts is seen,
And Sedgwick, with the Sixth, upon them broke,
And hurled their columns down the dark ravine.

Another day—eve of our nation's birth—
The July sun illumes the field of death,
Suspense and silence hung upon the earth,
And brave men spoke not, save with bated breath.

The noon had passed when, ominous and dread,
From Benner's brow the signal gun doth blare;
The firm ground trembles 'neath the martial tread;
The bugle's notes float on the troubled air.

Where Longstreet points there Pickett leads the way;
With him the flower of all the Southern bands;
As jungle tigers spring upon their prey,
So headlong plunge they on the reeking brands.

Once more the ridge is wrapt in smoke and fire,
Stormed by the fury of the Southern shock,
Which, like a sea lashed by the tempest's ire,
Wastes its wild vengeance on the stubborn rock.

Then Howard greets them from the cannon's mouth,
And Gibbon welcomes them with shot and shell—
Vain all the dauntless valor of the South—
Down drave and shatter'd by that fire of hell.

'Tis past ! the airy vision now hath fled ;
E'en so may all our nation's sorrow fade ;
Where bitter strife hath marred fair nature's bed
It blooms again, in wealth of flowers arrayed.

Again the woods are green, the streams are clear,
Sweet blossoms tremble in the summer's breath ;
No trace of war's wild ravages appear
On thee, Golgotha—field of blood and death.

There stands above your shroudless forms, ye brave,
A nation's token of her grief sincere ;
Each friend of freedom o'er your silent grave
Doth ponder with a sympathetic tear.

Here may ye sleep in undisturbed repose,
Till louder din than shock'd your dying sense
Bespeaks creation's last expiring throes,
And ushers in eternity immense.

Till then shall live the story of your might,
Deep graven on your nation's memory—
That nation ye supported in the right—
That nation which your courage render'd free.

Now peace reigns o'er our reunited land ;
One people, 'neath one banner we remain,
And in the van of progress, hand in hand,
Columbia's sons press forward once again.

And long, long may our children view with pride,
And with a valor like to yours defend
That starry flag, beneath whose folds ye died,
And hold its honor stainless to the end !

ADDENDA.

As some of my readers may notice an incongruity between the title of this work and several of the pieces it contains, I beg to inform them that such pieces were written after the first part of the work had gone to press, and, consequently, the original title has appeared, although the intended character of the work has been somewhat changed.

AUTHOR

ERRATA.

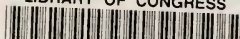
- Page 11. For dark, read dank.
" 19. Respectfully, read respectful.
" 25. Thy gloom, the gloom.
" 29. Aged, age'd.







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